

Aug. 1944

RETREAT RESOLUTIONS, 1944

"Ecce ancilla Domini."

A fervent renewal of my retreat resolutions of last August - Adoration of the Blessed Trinity through complete surrender to the Father, absolute confidence in the Son and complete abandonment to the Holy Spirit."

SPIRITUAL KEYNOTE OF ALL : "Ecce ancilla Domini - fiat mihi secundum Verbum tuum."

PARTICULAR EXAMEN - Confidence.

SPECIAL PRACTICE FOR YEAR

Practice of Cardinal Merry del Val.
"I have promised with His grace not to begin any action without remembering that He is witness of it - that He performs it together with me and gives me the means to do it - never to conclude any without the same thought, offering it to Him as belonging to Him, and in the course of the action whenever the same thought shall occur, to stop for a moment and renew the desire of pleasing Him."

My resolutions placed in the hands of Mary, my dearest Mother, to be presented by her to the Adorable Trin-

ty at every moment of my life, at
every beating of my heart and with
every breath that I draw. Confidence
in her assistance and help. Renewal
of consecration of my life to her.

A fervent renewal of my retreat
resolutions of last August - Adoration
of the Blessed Trinity through com-
plete surrender to the Father, abso-
lute confidence in the Son and com-
plete abandonment to the Holy Spirit.

SPIRITUAL KEYNOTE OF ALL: "Ecce an-
nuntiatio Domini - first mini secundum
Verbum tuum."

PARTICULAR EXAMEN - Confidence.

SPECIAL PRACTICE FOR YEAR
Practice of Cardinal Mary del Val.
"I have promised with His grace not to
begin any action without remembering
that He is witness of it - that He per-
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it to Him as belonging to Him, and in
the course of the action whenever the
same thought shall occur, to stop for
a moment and renew the desire of pleas-
ing Him."

My resolutions placed in the hands
of Mary, my dearest Mother, to be
presented by her to the Adorable Trin-

without knowing it — Father, I am very
generous when my Jesus comes — I forget
^{that} I am a poor helpless sinner — I am
strong & I could conquer the world because
God is with me — I have always been very
foolish where God is concerned and I forget
how weak I am. I love him so —

Sat 1 am.

Talking to you father dear reminds me of
the blessed days I spent in Father Davis's
home — he says mass at any hr. from 12 on
he used to call us and one of us would
serve mass or rather answer the prayers
then we always went to Holy Comm. those
were lovely happy fruitful days — just a
little glimpse of heaven on earth — one time
Mamie didn't receive Holy Comm. — & my Jesus
told me to go and kiss Mamie & love her
for him — I felt very queer about doing ^{I hope you meet M.} it but
that request was so clear I could not refuse
so I went & kissed her & told her that
was from my Jesus — You know father
I will never be really happy & truly
satisfied till I can tell you all my
badness — then you will truly understand

in the way he wishes and I beg him
for souls and more souls. I beg him to make
others know and love him, even as little
as I do & I pray & pray for priests so that he
will keep them & make them under-
stand their power and their high calling
so that they will know and understand
that they must be another Christ — I want
to embrace the whole world, to draw
all and every one within the sacred
heart. Father, my ^{heart +} feeble wishes are too small
to do all I would wish to do for God and
souls — I cannot love him enough — in
a way I am helpless and my soul slips
away to be engulfed in God's love. I offer
the precious blood, the love of Christ and
his blessed mother, the love and suffering
of the saints — my own sufferings, my
body to be crucified & tortured if I can
only love him enough & draw all
souls to him — I have told him
repeatedly to take my hands and my
feet my heart and my head my
whole being but to let me love him
more and more to let me do much good

he has asked for these

you will see why God spit me out
of the convent like the dominican
father got up on the altar & said
for my tepidity God would spit-
me of his mouth ^{& the retreat was specially for me} ~~so I would repeat~~ many ways
I was to blame even tho I could not
help anything & I think the devil often
took my form to get me into trouble
If you let me I'll write down all my
shortcomings since I was born and then
I'll feel better when I know that you
know all the bad, there if any good does
appear, I won't feel bad about it - because
you will know all the other side -

I'll enclose my padre's letter, save it
for me & I'll get it next time I see you
I save everything case the Bishop & priests
& nuns say Fr. Dane will no sooner be with
God than a process of Can. will be started
& every thing he has ever touched will be ~~has~~
I think Mrs. D. & I shall go to the profession - the
Supt - told me this am. that she will give
my shawl so I can leave about 6 am.
& we will get there about 8³⁰ I don't know
if I can fast that long or about Mrs D.
but will do the best we can

With your holy prayers and help I
hope to improve & grow in virtue to
please my God - Please keep on praying
for me and I'll do my best to keep
you - Please pardon any thing I do or
say that isn't right or respectful -
I don't mean to offend in any way - &
I am sorry if I do so & I love & thank
you with all my heart - you have
been wonderful & kind to me - God
bless you my father & God love you
I humbly beg to call myself
Your unworthy child

Mary -

I hope you won't up all
this scratching Father
so no one can see it -
it's only for you -

Father, please never
make a face if your Mother
mentions the Jew she
likes so much - you
know I can't feel kindly
towards your race matter
what their ancestors
did - if they had not

crucified our divine redeemer just think what it would have
meant to us Christian - & were it not for the Jew where would
his humane nature have been - Suppose we blame each
other for the sins of Adam & Eve - you know my Jesus says
love all souls, love them with a great love, love them with the
love of Mary my mother & of my sacred Heart - & he never picks
out any special people - you made me feel just a little sad, when
you made that face perhaps I'm guessing but I can bear no ill will
towards anyone even towards my worst enemies He doesn't hold anything against the Jew

Aug. 1st = 1 am. 1944

Dear Father, the fun is all over and
I am back on the job - I feel very lazy
and have no desire to work - I'm just
awfully tired, ^{having left today} - Truly hope you felt
as well as you looked last night.
^{I thank you for that lovely Rosary}
- Wish you good health and all the
blessings of the heart of Jesus - and
oh, would that he would let me
disperse the blessings of that Heart
to all poor needy souls! - When I
go to heaven the first thing I
shall do, after I embrace my
divine spouse, will be to ask him
to let me open wide those
arms of love and shower upon
every nook and cranny of this
world the treasures of that
sacred Heart - I don't want one
single soul to lose out - because
I love souls so much that I guess
I am just a fool - I would give
a thousand lives just to save

one - Father, I guess I've made very
queer. I know I must be, on account
of the way people think and talk.
I know there is no one, good or bad,
black or white or yellow or any
other color who hasn't some wonder-
ful beautiful side to their soul.
If we could only know and un-
derstand in time before it is too
late - and draw out and develop
that soul - Sometimes I think religion
make some pretty big mistakes
they are inclined to become more
or less narrow minded - & they
regard sin and other things with
absolute horror. I don't think our
dearest Lord always looks at things
that way - ^{he means he judges according to the}
^{grace he gives} he is so kind and
merciful and tolerant - I know that
when I was in the convent I
thought slacks were awful or
worse - but now I feel they
are immodest only in certain
cases - like on big fat women

when they are too tight - I
have sometimes blushed for shame
that I was a woman when some
of my scantily clad friends
or rather acquaintances got
in most immodest postures
before me & before men in
my presence - how modest &
preferable slacks would have
been on such occasions -
I don't know why I mentioned
slacks cause I had something
else on my mind when I began
to write - I often think that ^{many}
would reach a high degree
of perfection if they only had
some one to care and to help
them - years ago when I was
well and strong and my angel
used to help me I did the work
of about 6 sisters - Mother Abbes
used to scold me & tell me I did

too much that I simply had
to refuse to help anyone any
more - it was awfully hard to ^{ref}
finally I got to making objections
to my mistress - or at least I thought
I was & I begged her for a penance
that I should perform every time
I told her I had a job or loved and
could not do what she wanted me
to do - as a penance she told me
to make a cross on the floor with my
tongue in the dirtiest part of the ^{basement}
I could find - I picked out the veg.
cellar - where all the messy ^{vegetables}
were hauled in for cleaning - &
I made the longest cross I could
make right thru the dust and
mud one day. I was in a hurry
and did not hold my head-cover &
veil close enough & I got some dust
on them - I ran up-stairs hurrying
to get to the choir - where the vicar
way-layed me on the way - foolishly

answered questions she had us
right to ask - but because she insisted
I told her what I had done - she
scolded me terribly & then told
the abbess - & then I got a terrible
scolding in chapter. I was accused
of deceiving my superiors, doing
penances undisciplined etc
the result was I took it so
much to heart cause I thought
they really meant it & I felt
so badly cause I thought they
thought I was deceitful that
I bursted a bloodvessel & had
a hemorrhage - the dr. said
it came from my heart -
you see father they too thought
I was a little bit good but
I really couldn't take it - now
I don't think I would really care
what you thought of me because
I do know that in my heart
I am pretty bad & in the

secret depths of my soul I
want you & every one to think
a little bit good of me - it ^{pleases}
me to have others think well
of me even tho I wont admit it
to myself - the only way I can
figure it out is a lack of ^{simplification}
& true humility

How beautifully sweet and simple
little Bernadette is, she was
never elated or depressed cause
she didn't feel she had sense
enough* to know anything - I wish
I could be like her - I wish I didn't
have this foolish mind of mine
that must question, question
question - that if you told me
I were a saint I would believe
you & altho I might smile to
my self at your stupidity I would
just tell our sweet Jesus that
he knew better and leave it
at that - but you see I'm not

simple enough - & simplicity
slips right into the heart of our
master - I've decided tonight to do
my little old duties the best
I can - if people think me good
I'll thank God for it, if they
think me bad, well they'll be
right and I shall again thank
God that some know me for
what I am worth & I'll just try
to do better - after all it's
what the good God thinks of
us that counts - Father please
pray for me that I become meek
& humble like our loving Jesus
You are awfully sweet and
simple in some ways - you
have surprised me greatly
but I guess one gets that way
from close contact with - God - I'm
trying so hard to believe
both you and Father Dave -
I don't know why I have taken

at home 2 pm

this foolish attitude, because I know it is foolish. its conceit on my part I guess, because I place myself in judgement on you and Father Davis's good sense so from now on I have told him I will bow to your will.

If you tell me I am a saint - I will just say, all right sweetest Jesus, I am a saint but neither you ~~nor~~ I know it, so I'll try to play the part and make my good padres happy - We won't let them know that we alone hold the key to a deep dark secret — I believe I'm getting happy father happy again because sweet simplicity is coming home — Can't I make an awful fool of about nothing, one time I dreamed I went to purgatory I was walking along a lovely lighted road, the light came from God not from the sun

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in the distance I could see the
beautiful gates of heaven. I thought
to myself - I must hurry before
those gates would close - I seemed
quite close but the further I
walked the further those gates became
finally I wondered if I would ever
reach them when suddenly my
angel appeared. I was so happy to
see him & I begged him to help me
to reach God before it was too late
he said, all right - my child come
with me and I will show you the
way, only your soul is not yet
pure enough. but hold my hand
tightly and I will help you over
the rough spots - holding my
hand tightly we began to
climb a very pretty low hill,
a winding path led to the top
but as we climbed, the road
became rough with sharp broken
stones, soon my shoes were worn
out and my feet were sore and
bleeding yet we kept on even

as I stumbled and kept on the way. in some places broubles & thorny rose bushes blocked the way & and my angel had a habit of suddenly disappearing. I climbed & I climbed & climbed - in the distance, on a hill, so far away I could see our heavenly father & our dearest Lord and the holy Ghost with a multitude of angels receiving within that heavenly country, the souls of the just. I wanted to reach him so badly but the more I tried the more I stumbled. finally my angel came back from one of his trips and taking my hand he said, I have brought an angel friend to keep you, it is growing late & we must hurry - to make a long story short we finally reached a little sidway station where the souls were being inspected before going on the last lap of that long journey. Mama was

them to look us over - taking
my hand, she said, come here
my child so mamma can look
you over before you start on
your trip to heaven, one must
be very pure and perfect to
be admitted to the vision of God
I told her I was so tired that I
had climbed a great hill with
my angels and now that I
was so close I wanted to hurry
so I could see God & have him
love me and take me home
she answered, "Alaina, come
to mamma so I can look you
over", - I was dressed in a grayish
brown ^{gown} - turning me around
and looking me over, as she
used to do when I was a little
kid, she said, I am sorry but you
are not yet pure enough, you
have a snag in your dress and
one must be perfect in every
way to appear before God -

sit down my child and mend
that dress, then you can go to
heaven — Turned towards those
beautiful gates lighted by Gods
love with such a soft radiating
light & I said, my Jesus wait for
me & I will hurry, I will not
stop until I become so pure &
perfect that you will want to take
me home — I woke up too
soon because I have not yet
reached heaven — I am trying
father & I shall keep on trying
even tho I stumble on the
way — you will be like my
angel & take me by the hand
and help me — I don't mean to
be cross or bad. it's only that
I get so tired of the everlasting
struggle & I am so far, far away
from my loving Jesus he waits
so far away & has not come back
yet — I love him so much &
I want to please him but I

am so weak - please forgive me
I don't want to hurt or offend
you - I only want you to under-
stand how terribly imperfect I
am - this one, it seemed our
heavenly queen opened her
arms & told me to come & rest
within them and she would
lead me to her divine son -
I didn't see her but I felt
her near - your blessing of the
rosary father obtained this favor
for me - I don't say vocal prayers
very well I'm just lazy but on the
way home I said the rosary
with the greatest of ease -

Father, if my Jesus stays with
me do you think I'll have to
eat any more - I hate eating
and when he is with me I feel
no hunger no matter how long
I must wait -

there were dents in my feet
last mile & this afternoon

& my feet & hands pained
a great deal — I am trying to
offer all to God in union with
the sufferings of his divine Son
& in union with the suffering
of his poor helpless children
here below — what I suffer is
so little compared to the suffering
of my poor patients — alone I
counting the 99 million —
please I pray God to make me
meek & humble. Father —

Gloria & thank you for your
patience & I humbly beg you
to remember me & mine in
the holy sacrifice — pray
specially for Helen & Dorothy & the
Debris — My love to John &
ask him to keep on loving God for
me — I know he is very pure &
perfect in the sight of God —

again thank you & God love you
always — your unworthy old child
I cannot paint yet — me are
so terribly torn up — I will start as quickly
as I can find a stamp —

Father, the reason

Wed. 3. am. Aug 1 - 1944

I asked you who that priest is who celebrated the profession mass, is, because his face is so familiar it seems as if I had known him always - it kind of bothers me & I saw him again at the old Plaza Church - Mr. & Mrs. Peku took Helen, Dorothy and me down to the old church - thru Alameda St. and we ended up by a lovely dinner in Chinatown it was after midnight when we got home I am sure I saw that priest walking up and down inside a court in that Mexican town & his face just haunts me enough that I would like to know who he is - seems like he should be a saint or something - I have tried & tried to place him in my memory but cannot feel as if I had known him from the beginning of time - I have seen him in my dreams & have known him forever

Dear Father,

6.30 pm.

Will you please ask our dearest Lord to keep me from being sick so much. I had to leave work this am. before giving shots & had to wake the Supt. to finish my work - I don't mind suffering but I do want to keep well enough so I can earn my living I think if you would ask him he would listen to you -

Next time I write I'll try & write you a nice letter
I stop & start so many times M

3865 Jasmine Ave

Crewer City, Cal.

Rev. Aloysius Ellacuria,
Compton, Cal.

Postmark
Aug 6-1944

Father dear,
I have been thinking about the offer that Oakland gentleman made - I spoke to Father Dore - he approved provided you thought every thing was o.k. What I wondered is this, do you think he would be willing to pay my bills and let me pay him back in small monthly payments as long as I can work - my debts bother me a great deal and it would be such a relief to have them cleared. When I cant work I'll hunt me a cave in the mountain side and just stay there till God takes me home. - I cant ask anyone to take care of me - that hurts more than anything I can tell you - perhaps I am too proud but I have always felt as long as I can remember that it must be an awful cross for anyone to wait on me or touch me I cannot bear to touch people yet God has condemned me to a life of nursing.

- the worst form. He knows what's good
for my soul - I have so little strength
that I can hardly work - so please pray
hard for me - I hope you are well
enclosed are alms I'll send more a
little later - I hope John is not suffering
too much - Tell him when my heart
goes pitty-pat I think of him and pray
for him - your holy prayers and
blessings help me a great deal & I
have a firm conviction that what I
say is true - may your love for our
heavenly queen increase as mine has
increased during the past weeks specially
since you blessed my rosary -
If you feel your friend could help me
you might call & if I am sleeping just
tell Isabel you would like to see me

please remember me and mine at the
holy sacrifice dear Father,

I am not enclosing
money could not get to
bank in time

Yours truly,
Mary

Mrs. Fred Behr -
ph. Ar. 8.0730

P.S. I have a friend & his brother is a priest
both drinking & a scandal to the parish -
he is a pastor - I think a great deal of both
they may be cousins on my father's side I was heart
broken to get this news tonight - pray, pray, pray

...er, a great peace and tranquility has
entered my soul such as I have not known
for many years & I am developing a great love
for Bernadette - I don't know why, seems like
she's very close to me, helping and encouraging
me - I have never thought of her before
for three months or longer she is near
If I could say she talks to me I would
say she tells me to be quiet and simple
not to let anything worry me, because
I am pleasing God just as I am - he
asks nothing but my undivided love
I love him with my whole heart and
soul & even tho I be dumb and stupid
I can still love him - Truly he has said,
in my father's home there are many
mansions - each one has a job, be it great
or humble it makes no difference because
all he asks from the highest and the
lowest of his children, is love and
more love, he cares for nothing else.
When our love is so great and absolute
that our will is one with his, then
and only then have we reached the
goal -

Tues. afternoon Postmark
Aug 9-1944

Father Dear, I have had several qualms of conscience since I saw you yesterday (since I saw you yesterday) and I also have a bone to pick with you for the naughty trick you played on me — with that rosary of ^(St) Dominic you know it never dawned on me what you wanted — Now I am going to tell you for the last time that the only dumbness you are guilty of, is just that thick-headedness — that won't understand that I am so very, very far from being the least iota good — to make a comparison which you may finally assimilate and understand is this — When I was in the convent I did not know what sin was — I was like a new born baby that grew up and thrived on God's infinite love — I suffered mentally and physically till my superiors used to say they did not know why I had to suffer so much. I knew why I suffered — I was espoused to a crucified God and I just had to suffer with him and I suffered with him because I loved him so much — it's all quite simple — now father dear, the reason I got so much for others in days gone by was this — first of all I had the backing of my community — secondly I was

very, very simple and stupid, and like you,
about some things I could not get it thru
my head that my Jesus would ever refuse
me anything - as I belonged to him, as he died
for me, it was perfectly natural, that as my
beloved, he would refuse me nothing within
reason and pleasing to the Heavenly Father.
I just took these things for granted. I knew I
was most unworthy but it was so different
from now. I did not realize how bad my
sins really were - I was like a naughty child.
I just thought my Jesus loved me so much
he would give me anything because he
knew that with all my badness I loved
him most dearly - his love is like that
of a mother who forgives and forgives
because she loves her child so much
and no matter how old or how bad that child
may be, she still loves him because he
is a part of her ^{being} and the same love fills
both their hearts altho it may ^{sometimes} be terribly
wounded - I guess I must be something like
our poor first parents. I have eaten of the apple
of sin & my eyes have been opened. I can
never again be the same - altho I have
never deliberately set out to offend God.

I know I have hurt him many times. I have
hurt him above all by my neglect and
lack of confidence. I know how it hurts when
ones dearest friends feel that they have ^{offended}
so deeply that they cannot be forgiven. It
makes one feel that they feel ones love
is not great enough to over look a weakness
and our dearest Lord like a true friend
rejoices so much when a sinner repents
& comes home - I know & I understand but
there is something hellish keeping ^{between} me
and our divine Lord - that something is the thing
that hurts and hurts so much & stands ^{between}
me and absolute union with God - that
is why dear father I must overcome that
(the devil) before I shall ever feel that I am
back in my old hunting ground - now father
can you understand why I am not as
close to God as you think I am - It
hurts me terribly, really almost makes
my heart break to feel you and Father
dave and a few others think I am better
than I know I am - I am in debt ^(money) but
I still have a very straightforward honest
soul that cringes from deceit - now I
will tell you this - God blessed me

with a very good disposition, my love
for him has helped to improve that dis-
position - Some way or other I have been
blessed with a power of bringing comfort
and happiness to others - my friends tell
me I am so different from others - it's not
because I am different well, father you
know that picture - "a little child shall
lead them" - I guess baby Jesus has given
me that gift - even with my poor wild
sick people, who cinge and fight others,
even our best nurses, they quiet down
when I come, call me an angel, a ^{saint}
and sweet names & I can do anything
even with ^{the} wildest - they put their
arms around me and kiss me (& I don't like kisses
and I can lead them by the nose - yes
I am different I guess diff. in many ways
father - I just can't understand why
any one who belongs so wholly to God
can ever offend him - pray that I may be
worthy of your trust and respect I truly
don't deserve it yet I knew that some day
you would come along & that God in some way
would be honored thru me - he told

as truly as I tell you "You will
die a P.C.C. & a saint" and the sisters of
Rockford will cry for your bones but I will
not give them to them - please pray father
that I will die so meek and humble that
I will find favor with God - nothing matters
excepting that I always love and please him
now I am never going to talk about
myself again

Father, John did not come to see
me, I shall keep on hoping and praying
because I love him - I know that he will
keep us - He knows now that we are
pitiful creatures badly in need of God's
divine assistance -

I have been thinking of your request
and I will ask God to grant it to you if
such be his holy will - personally I feel
that God's grace, emanating from one's soul,
has for greater influence on others and
will draw others to God - more quickly but
I guess it all depends on the individual ^{need}
my mistress was a round, fat, little soul
as homely as sin, there was absolutely
nothing about her personality to attract
others - she was extremely practical, too much
so - & possessed a violent temper - I loved

sat on her left side - I looked at Martha
& she looked at me, then the novices
cast glances at each other, finally one
of them said, liebe Meistern, our soup
has worms in it - she answered what
of it, they are cooked & wont hurt you
we all squirmed & wished ourselves
any place but there - finally a novice
who could stand no more refused
to eat it - so finally L. M. said if
no one is mortified enough to eat their
soup they may leave it - well all
but Sr F. ate the soup, worms and all.

One lent we were all begging
her to let us do extra penance -
so she said, of course you might eat ashes
on your bread like some of the old
saints did - well no one liked the idea
but I was always brim full of devilment
so I thought I would fix the crowd -
Ash-need, came so she called me to keep
her prepare jelly bread for breakfast
as a rule we ate nothing, but for
some reason we were ordered jelly bread
it was finally all ready & two pieces

her dearly and as I learned her sterling
worth my love turned to reverence —
she was very mortified in the daily
things of life, her example was an object
lesson to the rest of us — she was trained
by a saintly ascetic mistress who showed
her self no pity — yet, as like Meister
grew older and developed in virtue, her
great humility, her super-human strength
and virtue in overcoming a vicious temper
were awe-inspiring. I used to tease her
a great deal just to see her clench those
little fists and draw her lips tight
to keep from giving me the full vent
of her fury. We had orders in the nov.
to walk quietly, close the doors quietly
spec. the choir door — so as not to dis-
turb others — Mamma had trained us
youngsters to be very quiet in all our
actions because papa slept late in am.
and it was ^{also} unlady-like to be noisy — I was
always as quiet as a ~~mouse~~ ~~cat~~ kitten
one day, in particular after such an
order in chapter, I went to the choir

just before office started — As I went
in I thought I would keep one eye open
to see how liebe Meistern would act.
If we didn't close the door or were noisy
~~the~~ had to go back and do it quietly
and confess our negligence — so I didn't
make a speck of noise & quietly slipped
into my place below her — she stood
it as long as she could, finally she jumped
up, clenched her fists & drew those
little lips tight & marches to the door
fully intending to march me back.
What was her chagrin to find the door
securely fastened — the joke was on her
that time — I can still see her with those
little clenched fists and tight lips march
along all ready to give me a frightful
scolding, because she thought I had
disobeyed only to find she was all wrong
she was a good sport & we loved & res^{pected}
her — sometimes people would give us old
cereal, often it was army — one noon
we had rolled oats in soup — being
the baby of the novitiate, I sat next
to my mistress and a polish postulant

there was nothing fancy or attractive
about her yet I feel she is a saint -
I might have been better had she under-
stood and not crushed the aspirations of
my soul, because in those days my soul
was filled with great love and fervor, and
in those days - our dearest Lord came
to me often - perhaps he did that cause
she was so severe with me but she
always let me go to Mother Abbess who
was very much of a mystic and who
understood and consoled me - so many
things were happening in my soul that
I could not understand - and our confessor
Fr. Jasper was very good to me - many would
reach perfection if they only had an
understanding superior - for good con-
crete common sense & virtue no one
surpassed my mistress - I almost venerated
her for the great virtue I knew she practiced
& she was so common-place humble
& simple & very learned - humility was
a shining virtue in her - She loved me
dearly & I broke her heart when I left for
Rockford -

placed at every ones place. I slipped back
to the refectory with a cupful of foot-
stone ashes & sprinkled all the bread
but like Master — we marched
very decorously into the refectory
and after blessing from the abbess
and recommendations from the Vicar
the novitiate was seated at their places
they bit into their jelly bread made
faces and started to push it aside finally
L. Master stood up & said, dear
sisters I do not know what is the
matter with you all go ahead and eat
your breakfast it is good & I know it's
good because I prepared it myself
I find nothing wrong with it — of
course she had no ashes on her
in my bad little heart I grinned
& did not tell what I had done
until recreation that afternoon —
we would have marched thru hell
if our mistress told us to & I'm sure
you boys love and respect you
the same way —

I know God's infinite love and mercy
surpasses all understanding and our
sins no matter how great are swallowed
up in the ocean of his love - if we
could only always remember his love
we would never become discouraged because
he forgets our sins the more we love
him - Sometimes when I think of him
my love seems so inadequate that
I ask our Lady - all the angels and saints
to love him for me I may eloquent
some times and sing canticles of my own
because I love him with all my soul
and I want to love him for every soul
here below - As the father and the son
cannot be separated from the Holy Ghost
neither can my soul be separated from
my God - I may slip and I may fall
but I know that the arms of my divine
Spouse are open waiting to receive me
and he is ever ready to lend me a
helping hand on the way - knowing how

re-~~miss~~ I am I often wonder why he
does not let every one know and love
him even as I do — how glorified he would
be — when I was young and my ^{Jesus}
came every day the old devil used to
come & scare me at night because I was
all alone in my little dark cell I think
he used to try & kill me because I loved
God so much — he was generally dressed
the same, like a dandy dude. I would
cry to our Lord and my angel to protect
me but he came closer & closer and
would finally grab me & leaning into
my face he would crush me more & more
with his powerful hands till my ribs
would almost crack I used to scream
for my Jesus and ask him to protect
& help me then I would lie limp and
exhausted till morning those struggles
used to wear me out — I used to sprinkle
holy water all around & get our cell
blessed but if he took a notion to
come nothing stopped him — he has
bothered me a lot till I just hate him

the next time I write I'll tell you
how I live. There perhaps you can
tell me what to do in order to get
closer to God - It's time to make the
rounds & I must write to Helen and
a few others while I have time
so good night dear father may God bless
and reward you for your great kindness
and patience with me and for the
love for our divine Master with which
you inspire me - I wish John would
come and see me tonight so I could talk
to him. I have longed and longed for him
so I could hold him in my arms and
together we could love our God - This
morning I offered Holy Communion for him
so if like St. Aloysius, he must pass thru
purgatory, my Jesus would help him. If you
can will you offer five Holy Masses for him
for me and I will give you an offering for
some little time the coming month - if he
does not need them some other creature
may - humbly your unworthy Mary
Please excuse blots and pardon the way
part of this letter sounds - I don't mean to offend

Postmark Aug 9-1944

Wed. 8 a.m.

Father dear, you spoke of Mr. X. coming to see me & talk things over. please don't tell him until I get my apt. - that will be in about 3 weeks I hope - my room now looks like a store room & is so hot that we could not speak in comfort - I cannot open the plate glass windows & there is no ventilation -

As well as I can remember For. Dave answered me this way -

Mary, I have been trying to tell you for many years that you are dearly loved and favored by God and I firmly believe what Father Aloysius tells you (in regard to stig.) be directed by him in every way, give yourself up entirely to his guidance & remember to be very humble I know that you fully understand that all gifts of God are only favors and he has blessed you abundantly you have always been so generous and kind to the sick and the poor and have sacrificed yourself in these

himself, yes, I believe the good father is
right God is very good to you many and
he will continue to bless you - be very
meek and humble like the dear sacred
heart - and trust him with all your
heart - God bless you many pray for
me & ask your new padre to pray for
me - and remember me in the holy
sacrifice & I'll do the same for him
He told me much more but this
was in regard to the stig. which I
told him I could not believe.

I hope you tear up all my letters
father cause 'twould be awful to
have any one else find them - I think
I had better stop writing cause you'll never
know me any better than you do now
and I doubtless repeat & say things I shouldn't
say - five minutes after I write something
I don't know what I write I just tell you
what I think & forget it right away
I'm ~~am~~ fully sorry I told you that I didn't
care for you - I didn't mean that I dislike

you. I'm just awfully indifferent— since
my Jesus came a few years ago in August
and told me that I would be one with him
& that I would never have a will of my
own again he did something to my soul
I respect and admire people & like them
but I just cannot love them I don't
even think I love Helen any more or Frank
I cannot explain it— I always think
of people as souls & I love their souls
with all the love of mine— you
understand don't you father? I don't want
to hurt or offend you cause I do love
you & thank you with all my heart
and soul— I guess I'm just funny
peculiar— & for your consolation
one of the greatest Priests I ever knew
was almost a dwarf— but what a
soul in that stunted body & Br.
Andre and dear Arch bishop Deger
both saints were dried up little men
in the eyes of super men— you
are not like any of these— so climb up— God bless you
humbly yours

Sat. am

Father, last night I got frightfully discouraged - I really want to
you to find out if God is really the one who speaks to my
soul - when you came into the room I just melted
just as I do when I go to God in Church - I get sentimental
or chicken hearted or something. I never move the world if he
would only stay with me ^{like that} - for months I have been in such
darkness and trouble - I have missed mental Pases at the
same for a little over a year - they live and die like among
us god, nothing - & then most of them bawled out & created
2/3 of them were Catholics - it's all so final - so fatal that
for a while I thought I never met like it, it has hurt me so
much - now I will tell you two things & then I won't bother
you for a long time - M. Magdalene was Dr. May. when I was
baptized to keep her with lovely work - she thought I was pretty
smart - because I loved to things she couldn't do & I knew she
thought herself smarter than any one else - she was highly
educated and very kindly. (That's why M.T. does me she was worldly).
I believe I went through three different phases of prayer - things were
happening to my soul and I was becoming confused - M.T. said
Dr. M. could help me as she was so well informed - well to make a
long story short M.M. helped me & she said, I am hardly believe

that God is so good to a miserable little thing like you
Jews to you there — she had been one of my worst opponents
for profession — she accepted everything I told her and believed
it was God ^{after a while} before did she same, Jane afraid Father — years & years
later she still believed in me, she sat in the kitchen one morning
across the table from me & she said, honey tell me are you going
to die & I hedged & gave her evasive answers where I knew
she had only a few weeks to live — She came to me the morning
she died — I called Fr. Dave & he said, yes, Mary I know Ruth
is gone to God — I asked him if she came to him & he said, yes
later (about 3 hrs) I got a telegram that she died at 7 in N.Y.

Two years ago I was in awful trouble so I thought I would
go to a friend in in down town D.C. I visited & waited finally
he came — they were all upset because one of their best
professors was lying in a coma for his dying — they were waiting
for the dr. & ambulance — finally it came & they took him
and a young priest who was going to remain with him —
finally Fr. X came into the room — I had written the sup. before
I called so I guess he was ready to give me a dose of sarcasm
I was ill at ease — he was nervous, so was I cause I had
to be on duty at a certain hr — I don't remember what

we spoke of but he said, Suppose if you were locked
in here you could open that door without a key - I am
no father but if God would me out he would open the door
for me if I were good enough - then he hollowed, Suppose
you think that dying father would come back to life if you
asked God to bring him back - I said, well father I'm not
very good but if the sacred Host saw fit - and he wanted
to bid me to my prayers he would bring father back to life
What he thundered, do you think God would do that for you
an insignificant sinner, when all the fathers have been
offering the holy sacrifice for him, the sacrifice of Gods
chance son, & the last sacrament - do you still think
God would do it for you - I answered yes, father if God would
have to get well - while we were taking the phone rang
and the young Priest who accompanied the dying Priest fell
stricken at the hospital door - they carried him in
dead in another few min a brother came running to the
father that another was in a terrible dying condition
Fr. X. was worried & he said quite sarcastically if you
are so powerful with God ask him to stop this thing.

trouble - the dr. did not know what was wrong but
thought it was poisoned food sent to the monastery
I said good-bye and told father I would speak to the S. H.
and ask him to cure them - They were all well

the next day - I think my gaze listened to me -

the brother told me }
Deeded up.

But I think I'll hunt him up some
day - he might have been too hard I don't know
I'm afraid you are like mother you will be too easy
Am I just one of those green haired people
who are just religious, just groined that way?
I don't like to pray - father - I'm just too lazy -

I won't trouble you a gain for along time dear
father -

Good by kindly Mary

Fri = 1. am

Postmark - Aug 14 - 1944

Father, I have tried to think what would be the best (true) way to spend my time each day — in order to become more pleasing to God — Fr. Dave has told me ^{for years} to live for the moment, because the next way may not be mine, — and I have so accustomed myself to do that, that I do not let much slip in between God and my soul — the night is my day, and I shall do the best I can in laying it out — if God tells you to change it in any way I shall try to conform to it — if you want me to do any kind of penance I'll do it, but I would rather you would tell me — I still have a cross, full of nails, that I used to wear also a discipline somewhere — but they don't hurt compared to the suffering in my body — they seem kind of silly but I guess one must be a fool sometimes for God's sake — I am never free from pain or sickness, day or night. I used to beg and beg our Lord to let me suffer to save souls that I guess he has just heard my prayer I was born strong and healthy but something has been wrong since the day I was born — when I once in a while have a fairly good day I feel as if God had forgotten me — and then the old devil has always bothered me a great deal when I was a very tiny baby & used to climb

up on a pile of pillows to reach Heana's
crucifix on the wall. Used to beg and kiss
him and tell him I would like to pull those
nails out and suffer in his place for all
the sins in the world - so now that I
have pains and aches I shouldn't complain
Heanaat complain when I see the agonizing
condition of some of these poor patients -
if God would only have pity on them

I can do so little for them - Why do they
suffer so much? & some do not even know
or love God - The world is so full of
heart-aches and sorrows - the only difference
is that we know God and know how
to accept a trifle better - how we should
thank him! - I seem to be making nothing
but blots - so I had better close - I'm awfully
tired - so tired all the time -

Father, I hope you do not suffer too much
these days - I often wonder why God loves suffer-
ing so much. Big St. Theresa used to say to suffer
but not to die - What a holy, courageous soul
she was - & now we poor souls can scarcely
take it - Thank you again many times
& please remember me to our dearest Lord
& please excuse humbly Mary
blots

Midnight 12 - to 1 am Rosary - Examen.

1 - 2 Med. on Passion - If I can

2 - 3 Just spending the time loving our
dearest Lord, talking to him and our Lady
and the saints I love

3 - 4 making out Charts & reports -

4 - 6 Specializing & doing as much
good as I can

7^{am} - 15 Holy Mass & Comm. Stations if possible

9^{am} retire — — —

5 or 6^{pm} Dinner - I should deprive my
self of certain foods which are not beneficial
to my health — I don't indulge but in some
ways I am a glutton —

8^{pm} - Litany of all saints — nite prayers

As my father I would like to vow obedience
to you — also poverty so I keep from wasting
money & indulging my many wants
I have few likes or dislikes so I do not indulge
myself much I should mortify myself with
bread, potatoes and tea.

J. M. J.

Aug. 14, 1944.

My dear Spiritual Father:

Rejoice with me, for thanks to your good prayers I enjoy a profound peace in God! This in spite of the many disturbing distracting temptations, but especially the bitterness and rebellion which rises up within me like a mighty surging torrent. Beneath all this turmoil with which my poor soul is chagrined there hides the strong persistent desire of union with Him - the King & Center of my being. Since I determined to disregard my own feelings and opinions, submitting my will and judgment to that of His representatives, finding my consolation and joy in humble acquiescence to His will - things have been somewhat easier. I found much help in the pages of Skellys second volume of the Interior Life on prayer. The realization that the prayer of acquiescence is a prayer of union and God is never so truly present as then has given me much comfort.

Sept. 15, 1944.

Looks like I am a woman of desires and non-attainment judging from the days that have elapsed since I began this letter to you. Things just crowded in until I was so swamped there was no room for self - which of course did me no harm except that I wasn't very generous and let things get me down a bit. Satan almost won, but once again it is his turn to be down! I am determined he will not win God must and Will!

I was bitter and tempted to rebel against God... knowing He can permit and prevent what He will... when I heard nothing from you but a long protracted silence. After much struggle I have once again resigned myself to not hearing from you since He wants it that way - it is evident from your silence some thing happened to change things. I respect your decision and accept it, but I will still from time to time write you so you will have a substantial reminder to remember me in your Mass and prayers. God alone knows how very much I need these. Please do not forget me in prayer - I will content myself with this for as long as it shall please Him. I repeat - Please do pray for my needy, needy soul.

Respectfully,
Lester Mary P.B.

Thursday ^{Postmark} Aug 14 1944

Fr. Dear, just a line in haste —

I called about the Tapestry Cause I did not want to use it unless you approved — Mrs. Debu wants to give the tapestry — It's made in Ireland, from Irish Flax, but sold from England so if I can get the English product that's the way I'll make it (the Americans ^{like} only Cotton tapestry — it has no body or luster) — it used to cost $8\frac{1}{6}^{00}$ per yd — price is probably doubled now if I can get it but Isabel will pay for it I started to enlarge picture last night and I'm awfully anxious to start it — I want to make it for you & I am happy to do some little thing to show my gratitude. You will never know how deeply grateful I am — you have given me fresh hope and courage &

Father. I have a padre of my own again
that means an awful lot to me
and I do love and venerate that new
padre no matter what I say —

I think of John a great deal and
pray to him and for him — I had
a few hrs of the deepest depression
last night. I passed several years
of the darkest night I ever want to
go thru and last night I was faced
with utter black despair — my Jesus
always heard my prayers and
always gave me what I asked for
~~immediately~~ but now I am not pure
enough — I begged John to help me
to clear my mind and give me
back my trust in God — I was
absolutely in hell — I begged him
that even tho I was not worthy to
see him, at least to let me know
he was with God by helping me —
suddenly it seemed, a dark cloud
rolled by and my soul was
filled with God's love and my
fears vanished into thin air ^{des} ~~gratified~~

The pains in my hands and feet are very sharp. They are going higher up in the center of my feet where the bumps appear and are localized in one spot — they are not in the depressions. I didn't mean to be sarcastic in my last letter I just wanted you to understand me clearly dear father. I want to go to confession the next time I see you, perhaps if I get one thing off my mind I won't feel so badly — If I could only make you know me for what I am, I would never again feel badly — please pray for Isabel she is having great trouble getting priorities — & it holds the work up so much — as soon as I can get to town & get the stretcher I'll take it out so you can ~~fit~~ ^{put} it in the niches I love to paint especially on lusterware it's so rich & soft — I promised to give that other picture back to Helen within a month

so I will bring it with the sketches
so you can see it — that's the
first I ever painted — where the
Dr. gave me five days to live
Mother came & commanded me
in obedience to paint that picture
I did not even know how to
mix paint — and I was so weak
I could not even raise my head
or hands — I or rather my
angel made most of it — & when
it was finished I got well —
Bonnie says it's horrid, just
like a movie actor — you can
judge for yourself — Mrs. Gately,
a famous artist, says it's a
masterpiece — I don't know what
to think & I do not care — I gave
it to Helen — I'm going to try
and copy it this month before
I send it back —

Thank you dear father May
God bless and reward you please
Remember me in the holy
sacrifice humbly — Mary —

8-18-44 - 3 a.m.

Father dear,

After Mass I shall go to town & buy the canvas for the Madonna - I'll do my best to make it as lovely as possible for our Lady's sake - You made me think of a little boy today you were so enthusiastic I just hope it will be up to all your expectations - that picture of our Lord is far from perfect but for some reason or other I hated to change it - Mrs. Juley, my artist friend, said it was too beautiful to touch - I'm just a little bit sentimental about it - to prove to you that it must have been my sweet angel that made it, I'll tell you this I was in the darkest corner of a large room - I was unable to rise and I could not hold my hands up

more than a few minutes at a time
I had to copy it free hand & I did not
know how to draw, then when I protested
to mother that I did not even know how
to mix paints she just answered
well sister since God will soon take you
home I command you in obedience to
copy that picture for me before you
go — the sacred Heart will help you as
he has always done before — Mother
criticized & I painted as best I could but
on the fifth day instead of dying I
was better — I would wake in the morning
and much of the picture was done
I know my angel did it cause I did not
know how — the original was painted by
one of the greatest artists of the age, an
augustinian monk — & he made it as
a jubilee gift for M. Theresa the original
is valued at \$40,000 — I wish I
had more time to write — & I wish I could
write you some of the lovely things which
come into my soul — I just am not
smart enough — I have grown so careless
I know I should be ashamed — but it has

become a habit now, anyway you know
enough lovely things without my telling you
any more -- Mrs. Dehu will send you
a statement about John but I'm at
a loss just what I'll say because I'm
so rattle-brained. You see I lost my memory
Father and never got it back entirely.
I'm very limited in my vocabulary and
I'm really too lazy to care -- Grammar
and rhetoric are all taboo -- I haven't tried
to use my brain for years -- so!

The closer I get to my Jesus the more I
feel his thorns and nails -- I could not
forget him all night cause the crown I wore
was pretty sharp and my heart was very
bad -- but I'll be all right by tonight. I have
an awful pain in my neck from my head
to my heart -- Father you do not know how happy
how much I thank you and John & God --
the peace in my soul this one is so great that
it is like the calm after a storm --
I'm at home now just back from H. Com
& God is really & truly with me

Good by dear father until I see you
again -- I'll just have to be good you
are so lovely and so sweet and kind
in bidding me see you -- Please remember
me to our divine Father in the holy sacrifice
and I shall ask him to bless you in
every way -- Gratefully yours --

Father ^{some} of this little old booklet may
be ^{useful} ¹⁹⁴⁴ to some little noices - tear out the
objectional parts - use the rest for him ^{if you want to}
some of these leaflets - I've had since I was about
10 years old - the one I give specially to you I had
as a little kid & used to say the prayer to our Lady
(mislead it giving you another I had in boarding school -)
every day - how I loved our blessed Mother in
those days - Mamma taught me that God & our
Lady had only lent me to her & Papa, so from
almost the day I was born I felt I was just an
exile on this earth - ^{appeared good} but I was a bad little
kid & a tom-boy just the same & I kept
my poor angel busy pulling me out of
scrapes - but they were happy days &

From the time I was about 1 1/2 yrs, when
I really committed my first sin, my angel
had to say, Baby dont do this or baby dont do
that yous wont like it, till now he must be
worn out - He was awfully good to me and
took care of me all my life time & does even yet -

Father, it just dawned on me, dont you
get any silly notions to save anything I write
or tell you, cause I never know what I write
I just scribble as things come to my mind - when
my angel used to tell me to write things to Fr.
Dane, that was different there was a reason for
writing & I wrote cause I've written you just
cause you asked me to and I did cause I
thought it might make you know me better -

But dont, please dont keep any letter five
minutes after you read it. so no one else can
ever see it - & more over, I think it's unseemly
for me to stop writing cause if you dont know
me now you will never know me -

Im just what I am - I dont believe anyone
in heaven or earth can change. That is a job
for God himself - what is more dear Father if
I stopped to read my letters over you would
probably never get them - I know that
they are masterpieces of poor composition

Did you get me a lock of Johns hair?
I forgot to ask you when I saw you Father -
Cant you command him in obedience
to come to me? God listens even tho one
is not on this earth. & thats the way women
used to make me so often do the impossible
(only I was a little bit good then) I am sure he
will listen to you - obedience is a wonderful
virtue, it really embraces the other vows and
all the virtues - wasnt I privileged to
get to see John even that once - & Ill always
regret not having seen him in hospital

Mrs Deane got her hub. I asked John this
am not to let the day go by without getting her
that hub. and he did send it this pm. now I am
going to ask him for some pretty big things - I am going to ask him to make
that foundation in son B. for me - I feel him so close its just as if I could
reach out and touch him - Im so happy that I have a real saint
of my very own in heaven - Ill get places now & Im going

to keep him busy I need so much for others. — I myself
if I get the dumps again remind me of this, father, this afternoon
Friday I felt firmly convinced that our dearest Lord is really and
truly letting me feel the pangs of his crucifixion they are sharp
localized in one spot the depressions in my feet were very clear
when I was dressing last night for the first time in a long time
a crown was drawn tighter or rather pressed tighter than
I would care — I haven't high blood pressure — was really
and truly the work of God — I won't bring this subject up again
he.

J.M.J.

Our Lady Academy
Manteno, Illinois
August 20, 1944

Reverend Father Aloysius

Dear Father,

My heart is broken and it needs you to speak to. God has asked a great sacrifice of me; He is asking me to leave Manteno and all it holds so dear to me, just as He asked you to do only two years ago. That, I think, tells you everything, because you understand so well, but there is a little more that I can say which may show you how God has been working in my soul and preparing it (all unknown to me) for this great moment.

I will go back to Christmas 1943. On December 31 we had a day of reparation and exposition in our chapel as we usually do. I was praying there before the Blessed Sacrament, when a prayer came into my mind. You know how they come without being sought or even thought of. I felt that I should give God everything, but it was very much against my will. I felt constrained to make the offering nevertheless, so I wrote on a paper all that I thought and prayed. This is what I said:

My God, I love you. I thank you for all that you gave me or permitted to happen to me during this year. I thank you, too, for all that will happen to me during the coming year. You can have all, -- all that you want. It can be a hundred times worse, -- anything, only do not let me offend you in anything. I do not need to know that I am not offending you, only do not let me do it. And if it should give you greater glory that I fall and experience my own helplessness and misery, then let me fall, only bring out of it a greater good and your own glory, but do not let me offend you.

O God, I do not want to thank you for all that will happen -- I don't, I don't -- but I do thank you anyway.

I love you and want to be all yours.

After Sister Monica had read this she added some more which I copied on the same paper:

When you bring this to a realization, dear Lord, remember that I do love you and will to give you all -- no matter how I feel when it is a reality.

And, Jesus dear, when I feel farthest from you, please, for my encouragement and your own Glory -- in view of my own weakness -- please -- let me remember that it is really all for you!

Then I signed it: Sister Mary Christine who wants to be your little white host. Ever since then I have carried that paper inside the Sacred Heart badge which Sister Mary gave me for my perpetual vows and which was blessed in Beaverville through Frances. That is the first part of my story.

Then one day this summer when I was finishing my meditation, God gave me a great desire that all the Sisters of Manteno live in a great and holy fervor - the fervor which Tanqueray speaks of, and beyond which there is nothing to desire, for it seems to be the fulness of perfection. This was my first experience of disinterested zeal. At Christmas time God had made me realize that my zeal was selfish, because I desired perfection for souls, but only for those I loved. This time I desired it for all, without distinction or exception. In my desire, I told God that if in any way I could be an instrument in helping Him to bring this great fervor to Manteno, I was willing. That is the second part of the story.

Then later this summer, it seemed that in view of this grace which I had asked, God might ask me to give up Sister Monica and to live without her. This, it seemed to me, would be very much, but never did I think of more. I felt a certain surety that God would have all that He wanted, although at the time I did not feel very strong in the giving.

I went away to retreat very happy on the eighth of August. The first day of the retreat, Father offered Mass for the retreatants' intentions. I had several, but among other things I asked God "to make us all joyful in the acceptance of His Holy Will during the coming year and to make us see His Will in everything." Later during the retreat God made me realize something else and I wrote: "The more I read of souls, the more I see and observe of them, the more I realize that up till now I have suffered very little, in fact, a negligible nothing. There is no reason why I should think I am suffering. Perhaps some day God will give me the great grace of asking much of me, but now I must be faithful in what there is. Perhaps God sees I am too weak and selfish to give more. Yet, . . . He knows that I would never go back on my word if He sustained me." And that came, Father, because during the past year, in my little mind I had thought that I had tried to give God some of the things He had asked and which had brought me suffering.

That was Friday of the retreat and on Monday the great news came. Now that it is all over, it sounds like a part taken from a story book as I think of it. God was very good to me in making me generous, yet it was a generosity without feeling or consolation, and I knew only extreme suffering. Sometimes even now it seems as if it is not true and that it is only a bad dream from which I have awakened.

Father, I am going to Chicago, to teach music and singing and I will be alone in my work. The whole undertaking seems so far beyond my capacity and energies, that it must of necessity be divine. It seems to me that I have nothing of myself that I can put into it. You will pray much for me, Father, that all this work will be done as God wishes. Five years ago when I came to Manteno, the Chicago that I left had been a purgatory for me, yet I am thankful that God gave me that time of experience. The intervening years have left room for many changes there, and here in Manteno, God has taught me so much that there is no reason for not believing that things will be different now.

This time I feel very sorry for Reverend Mother, because I truly believe that she is a victim of circumstances. It cost her much to ask me to go; she would have been happy to see me stay in Manteno. I am glad that God gave me the grace to cooperate with her in her hour of need.

Father, here is something else to think of. It was in Chicago that I helped to take Christ down from the cross and lay Him on the beautiful couch to rest. And it was that time that He seemed to promise me that I could take His place while He was resting. Perhaps it is again in Chicago, after all these years, that He intends to fulfill His promise. Pray then, pray much that in Him I may fulfill mine.

I saw Sister Mary Mediatrix after the retreat. She told me that she had been praying much for me all summer, and especially during the retreat. She told me that when she had heard of Chicago, she had thought of me, and that was before I had told her anything. Then I asked her if she still believed and felt as she did before I made my perpetual vows that God in some way was going to weld us together. She said that she did not mean it in any physical way (and I have never thought so either) but that if it was not any stronger, at least it was as it has always been.

I have thought, too, of the little host as you let me consecrate myself. It seems to me that for long now it has been raised at the Offertory, but perhaps now the hour of Consecration has come. Whether this Mass will finish quickly or be long and slow, I do not know, but please pray, Father, that it will reach its consummation in God's own way.

Next Sunday (August 27) will be our feast of the Holy Heart of Mary and my first Sunday in my new home. It is the anniversary of the consecration of myself for the Claretian priests. On that day at Mass and Holy Communion, I will renew my consecration with all my heart. You will remember me, won't you Father?

Now I think I have told you most of what I can remember. While I am in Chicago, I do not think it will be wise for me to write to you, at least not very often. And if you should ever write to me, perhaps it would be better if you did not send your mail through Mother St. John. Perhaps you could send it to Reverend Mother and ask her to wait for an opportunity to give it to me personally or send it by some other Sister.

Sister Monica has told me that she will write to you while I am away.

Please pray, too, Father, for the Sisters whom I have to leave. Manteno is such a holy place; God has been so good to me here. I have always felt that this is my real home and that this is where God wants me. Even though I must go for a while, I feel sure that my place is still here and that God is keeping it for me. In heaven I shall still come from Manteno.

Thank you, Father, for your prayers which the good God hears for me and for your patience with this letter. I know you will not mind that I typed it. I do not write so steadily these days, and besides it made it go faster for me.

Remember my brother John and my parents. John's second trip overseas has been definitely postponed for a long time. Thanks to God.

Your co-missionary and child in Christ,

Sister Mary Christine

P.S. I have been praying much for Father Julien

Dear Father,

It is four days since I wrote this letter. When I had finished it, seemed like a selfish letter, and I almost repented of having written it, but Sister Monica said I should send it anyway.

Sister Mary Christine

Spiritual Account

August 21, 1944.

Dear Reverend Father Prefect,

First & foremost, please forgive me for delaying as long in making my spiritual account to you, my dear director, in whom I place my entire confidence, love, & esteem. Consider me always at your disposal during my days of scholasticate with you, Father. I will greatly appreciate all corrections & suggestions, & will need your guidance & direction very much in my spiritual concerns, for the pathway of perfection is very slow & grinding for me. Still, our good Lord has deigned to give me a good will, & that helps out much. The other part — that of putting into practice & effect the ways & means toward perfection, will surely, by God's grace, be imparted by ~~an~~ your guiding hand of direction & an unreserved effort & determination on my part. But please pray for your son very much, Father. I will need your generous & powerful prayers & will be able to count on them, I'm sure.

Allow me now to make an account of my spiritual life into your paternal custody & direction. I sincerely hope to raise my mark in the school of sanctity from a low one

to an A. "By Jesus through Mary!"

Regarding my holy vocation, I have always had a deep, yearning desire to be a Priest of God & a Religious. I have appreciated this special gift of God much, but, unfortunately, not nearly enough! I thank Jesus & Mary for it daily but do not exert all in my power to live up to it as perfectly as I should.

With all sincerity, but with deep regret & sadness, I wish to tell you that my soul has been contaminated by mortal sin a number of times before my entrance into the seminary & once in my postulancy. God's grace & Mary's special protection have preserved me since then. Still, temptations come quite often & I am not quite as diligent & vigilant as I should be. Sometimes I am not alert enough & my imagination & passions slightly slip away with me. I seek your advice on this matter on how to keep always a tranquil heart & mind & on promptly & completely rejecting unbecoming thoughts.

My spiritual life in the Postulate was very unprogressive. I learned only the fundamental principles. One of my greatest troubles in

advancement is a sort of sloth, unfounded fear in me. I seem to build too many "castles in the air." I should turn to more immediate action, be unregretful of all sacrifice, work with a greater determination & confidence, & love of the Cross. In my novitiate, my spiritual life progressed quite a bit, but did not reach the far it should have reached. I did not visit my Master very frequently, as it was very difficult to open my heart to him sincerely & frankly & to talk things over confidentially. But I think & am sure that the case will be different with you, Father. I will try to be as sincere & open-hearted as possible with you, Father, & I know you will repay with wonderful direction. Regarding Charity - I have a true love for God but not a deep & self-sacrificing enough one. Direction & encouragement will help very much indeed. Towards my fellow companions, I do not keep before me always, as I should, the fact that they are the temples of the Holy Trinity & hence I sometimes argue, criticize, etc. Patience, Meekness, & Humility: the virtues I must need. I must learn to be more resigned, meek & generous, & above all humble, recognizing my own nothingness,

absolute dependence upon God, & necessity of consecrating my powers ^{& senses} to Him entirely. Yes, I must learn better to despise self & refer everything to God. I encounter no special difficulties in being Obedient. There is, nevertheless, room for ^{improvement}.

My greatest obstacles in the spiritual life, I believe, are: 1) a sloth in advancement; i.e. not enough determination & immediate action; 2) lack of a tranquil spirit. I have not acquired the habit of holy Recollection & the keeping of the continual presence of God. I sincerely ask for your advice concerning these points, Father.

I am not sure what my predominant passion is, but I believe it is a lack of vigilance & custody of the senses, especially of the eyes & tongue. Last year, our Master had me take as a particular examen the subject of never doing anything the offensive to Jesus & Mary. But this proved a little too general & did not reap the desired effects. I would like to speak to you about taking a new subject, preferably something definite, for my partic. examen.

Regarding Prayer — This is one of my greatest difficulties. I never feel that I pray as well as I should; distractions frequently beset me; & then again, my spirit is not tranquil

and recollected as it should be for conversing with God. Perhaps I make my prayer too formal & unfamiliar, rather than sweet, flowing, & "man to man." I have not yet learned to master mental prayer well & find it quite hard to apply myself. Yes, Father, I need very much direction & advice, & much more self-sacrifice. In my vocal prayers, I often become distracted, & somewhat scrupulous, by wanting to repeat.

Holy Communion with dead Jesus are very good. No special trouble, although I often wonder how He ever deigns to come to my poor, miserable, & unrecollected heart. In confessions, I do not seem to have enough amendment. I don't seem to have an intense enough resolve for the future, for I confess the same faults again & again. Father, I would like your advice on this very much.

I ask for your advice also on subduing all curiosity & ^{on keeping perfect} modesty of the eyes. I must be more ~~careful~~ constant in practicing mortification also.

I have learned to do everything with a proper & right intention, thanks be to God.

I have chosen as my life motto: "All for Jesus & Mary!" I will speak to you soon on conditions of Health & Studies. Call me into

your room for a talk as soon as you wish.
I wish to be always sincere, docile, &
generous.

Jesus has been so good to me & I so
ungrateful to Him in return.

Help me O Lord & my God
in my good resolutions & in Thy
holy service, & please give me now
grace that I may begin today to
follow after perfection, seeing that
what I have done heretofore is nothing!

J. M. J. A.

Tues Eve.

Portmark - Aug 23 -
1944

Father dear,

I am sorry I disturbed you this evening
I'll never call at that time again — Mrs. D.
and I had been talking about my things in
storage — the Gray Co — said they would ship
them about the 1st & she ~~she~~ could work out a
levy between, hiring a trailer and the station
wagon of bringing things out cheaper — that's all
I why I called — so we could make our plans —
but just forget it & when I get the things here
some one can pick them up in this town.
I hope you are well dear Father and I hope our
family ~~business~~ brings you many ~~gifts~~ on her feast
day. I wish your picture were finished but it's just
beginning. I have been very tired and could not work
extra — but I'll be out of a job on the 15th
and then I'll work in dead earnest and finish
it as quickly as possible — Hate to lose my
job but perhaps God has other plans — I was
going to take a few weeks off anyway in order
to move & fix my new apt up — Mrs. D. thinks
she has one more big favor than John — & I
know Mr. D. is begging John to make her
change her mind — it's a great state of affairs
he has been anguished lately — I hope you
can see her & talk to her some of these fine
days — I am very happy & very peaceful
I know John is near & is helping me —
I have not had much peace for years — all since the day

to meet to heaven —

Please remember me to our dearest Lord
in the holy Eucharist

With sincere regards,

Truly, many

please excuse
blots —

Fri. 2. am.

Aug 25 - 1944

Fr. dear, just a few lines while this is fresh in my mind. Yesterday was my day off - the day before yesterday, yesterday all day today and to-morrow one of the maids has been cutting up, just raving mad - they have given her sedatives all this time to no avail - to-morrow I took sedation and to-morrow to her - she lost all - then I took her another capsule I don't know how much of it we got down her - very little in desperation (before I got rid of the other maids). I made the sign of the cross on her forehead and asked Jesus to please put her to sleep - Cause there was nothing more I could do - she was asleep in about 10 minutes - the first sleep in days or nights - she has been screaming and cursing etc for 3 days and two nights so no one in the back could get rest - Thanks to God and our dear Jesus

Please pray for Mrs. D. — she needs you keep pretty badly right now — I wish in some way you could ask her to come & see you —

I do not know when Dean see you again — I'll be out of work on the 5th and until Dean make more money I'll have to refrain from many things. Mr. D. wants to open a little shop and wants me to keep her — I wish the wife were had out turned up so soon, until I got all my affairs straightened out — But as God wishes — Perhaps our shop will be a wonderful success. Helen & I went to dinner last evening — I was scarcely got home as my feet were so bad — seemed as if I had a nail in the center of each, especially the left foot — cannot write more as I must special — trusting you are well and wishing you the best of God's gifts, humbly, Henry.

Please remember us to our dearest soul at the holy sacrifice —

St. Patrick Academy

Alomence, Illinois

J. M. J.

Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary,
August 27, 1944.

Rev. Aloysius Ellacuria, C.M.F.,
Claretian Major Seminary,
Compton, California.

Rev. dear Father:

Our thoughts and our prayers have been with you in spirit today on this, the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Heart of our Blessed Mother. We were privileged in having two Masses this morning in our chapel. I trust that our Blessed Mother has granted you many graces to-day.

A few days ago I mailed you the copy of my notes of our retreat of this year. I made a special effort during retreat to use much of my "free" time to transcribe the notes for you - I completed them after I returned home. I knew that if I didn't do this before school opened that it would have to wait a long time. I was happy to do this for you, Father, and will be glad to continue doing so, if you wish.

Our retreat master this year was a Passionist Father. He was not a great orator, nor was he of an outstanding personality - however his sanctity did strike and impress us. One felt that he lived in his own personal life all that he told us in his conferences - most impressive and striking were his conferences and meditations upon the Passion.

I feel that I made a very good retreat, Father. I don't think that I have enjoyed ever a more peaceful and tranquil calmness of soul during a retreat than I did this year. Retreat confession has usually been a source of keen anxiety. Since you left us two years ago, I usually make my retreat confession and review of the year to Father Moisant before I leave camp. Father gave me general absolution for my entire life which included a restoration of baptismal innocence. It is my ardent desire to keep unstained this great grace and privilege. Will you kindly pray for this great grace for me?

God was very good to me during the entire summer - both at camp and during retreat. The one thought with which I am deeply penetrated is the desire of union with Him - a constant, deep longing of soul for the grace of a greater intimacy with Him, and a total complete surrender to Him. Since you told me not to change my retreat resolutions, I made a fervent renewal of my resolutions of last August. Adoration of the Blessed Trinity through complete surrender to the Father, absolute confidence in the Son, and total complete abandonment to the Holy Spirit. The spiritual keynote of all is the prayer: "Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum Verbum tuum." For my particular examen, confidence as you have suggested and advised. For a special practice of

the year - that of Cardinal Merry del Val - to try " not to begin any action without remembering that He is witness of it - that He performs it together with me and gives me the means to do it - never to conclude any without the same thought, offering it to Him as he longing to Him, and in the course of the action whenever the same thought shall occur, to stop for a moment and renew the desire of pleasing Him." I realize that it may be difficult to do this for every minute action of the day but I shall try to recall it for the more important actions of the day. May I please have your blessing on my resolutions, Father?

I feel that the Holy Spirit gave me special lights on the question of confidence. I realize to my shame and regret that much has been wanting to my practice of confidence. All that you said to me in your last letter regarding it has been the source of much thought, prayer and meditation. Will you kindly ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten me as to how to practice this virtue as He wishes? All my thoughts, my prayers and desires seem to center on my practice of adoration - total complete surrender - in joy, confidence, and peace of soul. I have been enjoying the most profound peace of soul - even contradictions, oppositions and difficulties appear to me now in an entire different light - they all seem to be permitted by Him to draw me closer to Him. I have been filled, too, with an ardent longing to spend myself and be spent for souls - a victim of love and reparation for the salvation of souls. I realize to my shame and regret, too, that my constant wishing to give up my duties and obligations when they are irksome has been displeasing to Him. I realize that I must surrender and have no feelings of my own in regard to what I am given to do. I have been deeply humiliated and chagrined by the confidence which Rev. Mother has placed in me. She called for me several times during retreat this year and presented many of her problems and asked for my advice. I feel myself so unworthy of the trust and confidence she has given me.

I have realized, too, that I must leave everything to Him in regard to my prayer. I feel that He will take care of it provided I do His will in everything to the best of my ability. I had a good talk with Father Moisant during camp on the question of prayer. He told me not to waste my time on useless desires when I could have the actuality - that adoration and complete surrender to God - was the highest form of sanctity., that He would take care of my prayer provided I took care of His interests. He also told me in confession what you have frequently told me - not to worry over trifles but to surrender all to Him.

I feel that I am now ready to begin the new school year which promises to be a heavy one with a spirit of great love and ardent longing to bring Him to the souls with whom I come in contact. Will you kindly give me your blessing on our new school year? Our enrollment is up to capacity - that is as far as boarders are concerned. We have been refusing boarders constantly for the past three or four weeks. It is a source of sorrow, however, that many of our Catholic girls - the day pupils - go to the public high school in place of coming here.

Mother St. Eugene asked to be remembered to you. She told me to tell you that she had recently visited Father Julian. She found him suffering very much and in rather poor condition. She said to tell you also that the matter about which she had written you had been taken care of and she is very grateful about it.

Monday - Aug 28-44

Dear Father

For the last five days I have been trying to begin a record of grace for you. This time it has been extra hard for several reasons. By the time I have the leisure I am too exhausted to do anything but lie with my eyes closed & thank God. But at prayer set, my conscience nags me to begin to make a record for you -

Thursday last (the day after I wrote you that tragic letter) I wrote Mr. Paul - the letter I will present with this one, About here if you read it you will begin to understand what it is God has done for me. The letter meant so much to him personally that after you have read it I would like to send it to him. He wanted you to have it to keep & I think you will want him to have it -

We heard my confession again Saturday & it was a very holy experience for us both. There was a time when that remark would have been pride, now it is not, now are any of the things I shall say from here on. An altar or a Tabernacle are not fraud by admitting that they are the table of sacrifice nor the house of God. My soul is more than wood & stone; it is made to the image of God to

be like Him, to be part of Him, to become one
with Him by His grace & through His mercy.
It would be a monstrous thing for me to belittle
what He has, & is doing, in that soul through
a false & silly humility. I am truly nothing,
I feel it & know it but there are exactly
two poles of sentiment in my heart - the higher
God raises me the lower I sink into the
dust. One depends on the other & this is no
idle philosophy but an apprehended truth.

I have lived fine days of union with
God & often I have felt that He could not give
me more. It has been as though my soul breathed
God, much as my body breathed air. It lies
wide open drinking in the beauty & goodness
of God, pulsating under His every touch.
Like a flame it mounts up & burns hot &
bright & then ebbs to a flicker only to mount
again higher & brighter. I pray unceasingly
completely in love & from time to time the
Holy Ghost teaches & instructs. At other
times the pain of love stabs with such
sweetness that I melt into God & forget
time & thought.

Fr. P. has been giving me the same
sacramental penances that you gave. I took
some explanation on my part but since
this happened I know why God asked it
of me. He made it very clear the other

2

day. He wants my prayer steeped in His
Sacred Blood. The Sacrament does just that
+ my prayer is nothing more than
the constant offering of His blood. I see my
soul soaked in it, often, with the eyes of my
soul. Saturday Fr. gave me 5 hours of
prayer to be offered one hour in each wound.
Those hours have each been wonderful
experiences. Hidden in a wound I have
been covered by His blood + His merits. He
+ I glorify together - I am lost entirely
in Him.

I told Father Saturday that if he would but
misunderstand I would say that I am not
holy, but at last I have tasted holiness. He
understood! By that I mean I know what
holiness is + it is a will entirely united
to God's will. Just one will - not two. It is
when God takes entire possession of a soul -
and that soul loses none of its humanness -
Rather, its human nature becomes so
refined it is sensitive as it never was
before. It feels pain keenly + loves more
devotedly.

Although God has made it easy, in
a sense, to part with Fr. Paul - not an
iota of the pain is gone. But each stab
is sweet + finally something hurts enough.
My one fear has been that it will

stop hurting. I want to remain nailed & bleeding in union with Christ, Perfectly submissive, totally abandoned, & loving the Father as He loved Him.

I have not a care, not a worry, not a fear. I am confident of His love, sure of His help & grace - a complete child. Even my exterior faults pass with only a cry of sorrow. They don't seem to matter. I am what I am & He knows best.

There is intense love - very, very intense, but I flow into God, & am not held back from Him, straining to go as formerly. I believe its so because He holds my will so fast. I seem to be unable to will out of union with Him.

He is giving me what might be called the gift of tears. Tears at His goodness & Godhead, Tears of contrition & tears of love. I have been given the grace of feeling His sensible union & presence within my soul. I no longer strain toward His presence - I possess Him! Or rather He possesses me & hides me in Himself & with perfect assurance my soul covered with Christ & His blood adore & love before the Blessed Trinity & give its perfect glory in union with the Angels & Saints.

This is high stuff - I realize that, but on the other hand words fail me when I try to tell you of my gratitude, my abject humility, my complete nothingness. I belong in hell & find myself instead taken to the very throne of the Godhead. But since it is His will to take me there, it is my will to be there -

So much has happened, my Father, that writing it all now means I will jump around & write as I remember things. Until this week my corporal penances were kept up as usual. Until this week I was in great

dryness & the going was hard. This last few days there has been almost no penance. There was no urge & it seemed such an idle, pointless, gesture in the face of the pain within me. Why whip myself with cords while a red hot sword pierced my heart? I asked Father about it Saturday & he said to leave it lie for the time being. If God asked only prayer, & so much prayer & not the scourge obey Him, Today I took a discipline & prostrated on my chain, but my heart hurt with love & the trial I'm accepting so much that the

penance meant little by way of pain.

Fr. Paulinus calls times like these times in which I give all of myself to God. I objected once by saying I had nothing to do with these moments of grace + he agreed but said that most of the time I was trying to give all of myself to God, but when he willed it, He let me give all of myself. Saturday when he pulled back the slide + found me he said "Agnes that letter was sumptin." And I replied, "at last Father I am giving all of myself - every last fiber". He remarked that after he read the letter his one thought was that God loved "someone" an awful lot. And then he said, "Agnes, Agnes, this will go sometime + you'll know grief + fear again, but never, never forget what has happened nor ever be afraid again. Everytime I think of you I say "Deo gratias" because God has never let loose of you, nor let you down. Now He never will. Just thank Him + love Him + trust Him to show you the way. Little is left to you but constancy + love, the more you try to do the more you'll get in the way. Let God have His whole way in your soul. You'll be tempted again, but never doubt! God loves you - God guides you. Trust Him + follow His inspirations + love Him. The

details are unimportant".⁴ We have both been
deeply moved, by his going, by God's grace to
me because of it, by our deep spiritual friendship.
I'm not such an imbecile I can't know, nor
am I so inhuman that I don't feel it, - his
grief as well as mine. With infinite tenderness
he speaks to me of God - slowly & well so that
I will remember. Like last words I cherish them
& often I cry. The saints had such friendships
- rooted deeply in God - why, too, not this
poor sinner? From his lips has passed
no word of weakness other than asking my
prayers because he found it hard, too. Other
than a thousand little kindnesses, such as
~~his~~ thanking the girl here, that he is trying
to help back to God, for God's sake & for
his own sake for being so kind to me &
asking her to stand by me when she saw
my heart breaking. I wasn't supposed to
know, but I'm so glad she told me. He
told her other things that he swore her to
secrecy about & that's alright as I gave him
permission to tell her anything he liked that
might help her.

Now, I've been being a woman &
telling you things you aren't interested in,
other perhaps, than in seeing a very human
tender woman's heart that loves & loves

hard. God very much more than man; but who is far from being totally detached.

Tonight, is one of those hard times. God has withdrawn a bit + I'm feeling the loss. And the other pain wells up + crucifies everytime my heart beats. So be it, Lord! All you ask, when you ask, as long as you ask, just because I love you. More than that, I'm glad it hurts so much, I'm glad to be like you. I will it just like this because there are to be no longer two wills, but only one will - yours!

Father told someone that the thing he most admired in me was my humanness. Well, I've never tried really to stifle it + you've taught me how to handle it. I told him the other day that I was all done. Complaining about my tears + my weaknesses, that they didn't really offend God + only hurt my stinking pride a bit + I was going to be patient with myself. He probed + questioned + liked the philosophy immensely + then asked where I got it. I told him "From Fr. Madden."!

Two days later Aug 31 -

Yesterday God withdrew Himself + left me weak + shaken after so much intensity. I was "done in" completely + I cried hard

I know now it was more physical collapse after so much grief + so much grace - I'm doing alright today, I find I have to do a great deal of praying to get along these days. I've averaged much better than an hour a day formal mental prayer besides my Mass + office.

I've gotten another little light on my yearning for penance + suffering. To be holy we must be Christlike. Christ yearned to suffer - when He draws us close to Him He makes us a little like Himself. It's His spirit that gives me that year I desire. True, I always knew it was, but I didn't understand why. Now I do! It is so obvious to those who have reason to know that side of me how I naturally shrink from pain. I'm either more sensitive to it, or hate it more than most. My nature abhors suffering - yet my spirit would embrace all there is. What little suffering I accept or give myself counts more than it does with most people. Truly that is my one great weakness - fear of pain, mental or physical. I don't only complain more than most people - I hurt worse. And I'm more sensitive to pain

now than I used to be - some kind of pain.
It isn't that I love God less, but rather more
+ I'm having a time figuring it out. My
conclusion is that somehow my very
sensitivity to grace had made me more
sensitive to pain. I don't know why unless
I'm deeper + truer + more intense. So
much doesn't matter anymore that perhaps
what does matter is so much more important.
I'm suffering, yes + very much, but how
a person can endure agony like this + not
ask to have it changed or eased I really
don't understand. It's either bull-dogged
stubbornness or it's grace. I like to think
it's grace.

Thurs am. Postmark Aug 31-1944

Dearest Father, I wrote you a few lines last
night but opened letter this am so I could
tell you this. I dont know why I should
feel this way + I dont like to feel this
way cause it cuts right thru my heart.
I have given up + given up everything
friends, property + belongings, especially my
poor old stubborn will - I tell my
God that all is his to do with as he
pleases but I hope he doesnt take you
away from me - if he does of course
I am willing but this thought is hurting
me so terribly - if it happens I dont want
you to feel badly cause I know you want
to help me to be good + love God so much
You have to fight the battle to win heaven
just as I do. I can at least pray for
each other + I will pray ~~very~~ hard
that God blesses + rewards you in a 1000
ways - You'll have a hard struggle before
you are thru - I am afraid your superior
will feel I am an awful nuisance
+ interfere too much with your religious life

if it should happen that you cant see
any more we must try to say together
Gods holy will be done. Crosses always
hurt but we know how to take them
& they get us closer to God - you have
helped me more than you will ever know
John is very very close to me & I think
he is working a great miracle
for Mrs. Dehn
Sincerely, wishes
humbly in love
Mary

Please remember
me at holy Mass

I was just thinking Wed. 3 am. Postmark Aug 31-1944

Father, I have often wondered why God permitted
our Bl. Lady to suffer as she did first of all with
the prophecies of Simeon - what exquisite ^{sorrow} she must
have endured - during those 33 years of our Saviors
life - knowing that her beautiful baby, the son
of God was each day and week and month drawing
closer & closer to the agony of the cross - as I was
sitting here tonight I could see & feel that sorrow
for just a fleeting moment - my heart is torn
for grief for her and with her - Jesus our beloved
Jesus is to be crucified and we are helpless
to change the decrees of almighty God - when
I have known of the approaching death of one
I loved, especially Maria - it was the most agonizing
to know you know that it is coming, you know that
one you love dearly is to suffer and most of
the time the secret must be locked in ones own
heart ^{& endured in silence} - I wonder why God permits his loved ones to suffer
so! - Even she could not save his children from
sorrow & she could not save herself - she had to
endure it because she was so pure and holy
she had to suffer with him to teach us a lesson
so we could follow his example & walk in his
footsteps - so we could know and feel that
our mother walked the road ^{to} Calvary before

we were called upon to do so. As she held that baby in her arms, her beloved God how her heart must have been pierced how she must have clung to him & pressed him closer & closer to her heart in an effort to ^{save} him that agony. I wonder why God is not appeased but by suffering - ^{sometimes} it seems a frightful price to pay for the sins of our first parents -

Sat. 1.30 a.m.

Today is our Lady's feast for you dear Father - I wish I had your picture finished but it is scarcely begun - it is impossible for me to work in my room - I become prostrate from the head and according to the latest report I have no hopes of getting into my apt. before the end of October - however, as soon as my work ends at the san I will take it into Behn's house to paint - Sometimes I wish I could die father I am so tired - & life seems such a useless struggle - were we not all placed here ^{a part of} ~~as~~ some great design of God's wisdom what would be the use of it all - I know we each have our little niche in this great masterpiece - but what a perpetual struggle it is to strive for the perfection which must be ours -

Father please be sure
you buy everything from
you - won't you please